

# URBAN ARMS





It's almost been a year since I've done one of these. Many times I have thought to just give it up all together. I haven't been writing like I used to, but have accumulated some work over time and I thought to mesh it all together here. In the time that I last did an issue, I moved to Dayton, OH and have come back 6 months later. Just enough time to spend the winter and spring in a new place. Dayton was ridiculously boring but the isolation proved to help me out and do some re-evaluating in the long run. I left right when I started to establish there, but I like the idea of never being too comfortable. It stirs things up a bit.

And here it is the end of summer. It always feels like freedom closes up when fall arrives. This year itself has flown by. It seems like just yesterday I was boogying to Prince's "1999". And now we have to be busy stockpiling for the millennium. I don't know how I feel about that whole situation... I don't know how serious to take it. I have a grandmother who has been preparing for over 2 years now. She wants to have all the family together when the shit hits the fan (if it does). And we can share in her ample amounts of water and toilet paper. And if nothing changes she can have her own corner store right out of the basement.

I have spent time in New England this summer, New York, a few days in Milwaukee, a week in Minneapolis, and a few more days in Jim Falls. Yet through it all, I don't think I ever truly embraced it until I was gone. My head is never where my feet are. During Old Barn fest I complained about how I wanted to get away from so many people that look just like me, and now I long for just one more day of it. I had a beautiful time in Minneapolis and rad people to stay with. The shitty thing about meeting so many wonderful people is that it makes it that much harder to say good bye. I really miss a lot of those folks. The women there are so amazing! And the general feel was pretty intense all around. If I had it my way I would drop all and go there again this fucking second. No questions asked. But sometimes it isn't that easy. (anarcho-types)

I cut my travels short and decided to come home for some reason. As soon as I stepped foot in the door I knew I made a big mistake. In all of that I can't help but feel guilty for not living up to what I said I would do. I said I would travel with my friend Nik who came over from England. We barely spent any time together at all in Minneapolis. There was so much going on on both sides that it never fully came together. I know that he is taking care of himself some where in these States and I trust! I guess that's all that matters.

As for me now, I can't even predict tomorrow. I get a thought in my head and it won't escape until I satisfy it in some way. The thought of today: get the fuck outta Cincinnati. Yet no money and no direction hinders that a bit. It's super frustrating. But I am willing to use all means to do what I have to do. What ever that is I don't know....

So atleast for today I am here. I wonder when I will feel what it is like to be stable. My friends Mackey and Nate are the prime example of stability. They came to Old Barn fest and left 12 hours later and when everyone asked why they left so early, my only answer to that was "they live on a farm". If I had that contentment I wouldn't need punk fests either!

Anyway, I hope you get something out of this issue. Write me, I always write back.

love, mollie (hatchet)

Thanks to: Chuck Ragan, Marysia for the interv. with Saira, Mackey and Nate, Jethro, Nik, Scratch for putting up with me for the week, and the whole Mpls crew, Ryan for the best seat in the house at Old Barn!, Dayton metal militia, Shannon Nelson and family, Diamond Doug (represent!), the Mpls bus driver who gave me a break, Vinyl Assault, Kelsey for being the greatest scavenger of all!, Ian for all of the emo comps, Allen Hex and Co., Nikki, Beckie, and all the 'ie's I know, the writing of Aaron Cometbus, the sounds of Hot Water Music, Metallica, Black Sabbath, Red Sovine, and Amebix. And everyone and everything else that fuels me, you know it.

Directions from  
from 75  
the first

Thanks to Sadist for cover art!!

Road exit. Take a left off the road.



It has taken me a few days to decide if I even want to recount the events of Old Barn fest '99. There is so much I want to remember to carry with me until the magic happens again next summer. And I'm hoping that it does... (I warn, not necessarily in any order because that is too much of a task to conjure up!!)

-Old Barn Was rolling up in Ryan's '74 Chevy camper at 2:30 AM Saturday, already having finished almost 2, 30 packs of Old Style. Then rushing out to meet up with a friend I hadn't seen in a long time.

-Old Barn Was "Camp Minneapolis".

-Old Barn Was staying up drinking until we saw the sun and being too incoherent to talk to my best friend who came up from back home.

-Old Barn Was watching a guy sing and kiss the ground, shot gun a beer and then make himself vomit it all up again, only to pull out a fresh one from his back pocket.

-Old Barn Was sleeping until 4 PM Saturday then finding myself in the rain storm. Soaked and sitting in a steamy car, the same one that got stuck in the mud the next day.

-Old Barn Was meeting Batz from Israel who wrote me a letter once and I never wrote back. Now totally regretting it because he is one of the best people I came into contact with.

-Old Barn Was getting to see React and From Ashes Rise and standing amongst friends sharing in the intensity of the sounds.

-Old Barn Was running off and rolling around in the grass with someone I shouldn't have.

-Old Barn Was the har, the constant AC/DC tunes, sitting on the pool table, the lines to the bathroom, the \$10 given to me to promise to get Hoss a Lynrd Skynrd shirt, it was spent in the next 10 minutes...

-Old Barn Was not remembering how we made it back to the camper Saturday night, and promising I'd pay Ryan if we made the hunk collapse.

-Old Barn Was people watching in our awesome hunk above the front seats for the weekend, totally content and removed up there above the people outside and the pissed stained bed and caked dirt below.

-Old Barn Was finding a bag of mushrooms among the packs and such in the bed.

-Old Barn Was meeting later in Cincinnati with a guy from Word Salad who said he slept in the camper with us and I introduced him to everyone, yet I don't remember a thing...

-Old Barn Was the dust storm blowing garbage and tents away, totally not believing my eyes.

-Old Barn was hearing Scratch play the harmonica.

-Old Barn Was buying a bottle of whiskey off some guy from DC then rushing to see Calloused in their full costume gear.

-Old Barn Was hanging out with Eric (who isn't gay). Seeing a straight friend drunk after atleast 3 years sober. Meeting up with Dmitri again, getting good food from Allen from Baltimore...

-Old Barn Was being told we were beautiful by Eric ("I'm not gay") and taking cheesy pictures in the camper, which later never came out because I broke the fucker. grrrr

-Old Barn was Karen who wouldn't leave the camper, frustrating me to death, drinking all my whiskey and trying to get someone to shroom with her.

-Old Barn was missing all of the hands except for 4, lounging in our ride until the sunset. (I knew I was leaving soon...)

-Old Barn was saying goodbye to people at the bar, not wanting to leave and having one more drink to go.

-Old Barn Was seeing Oi Polloi and the sea of punks who raised fists in unison, watching Scratch trip halls and trying to curb the laugh that was making him hyperventilate!

-Old Barn was arm in arm watching the car torch and blow, completely immersed in flames and hoping there wasn't anyone inside, (later finding out there was a girl passed out in it and being pulled out just before it blew.

-Old Barn was telling Kelsey I wouldn't be long but taking 3 hours to say goodbye.

-Old Barn was getting my pack and saying goodbye to Ryan, "she's not coming back" Scratch said and he faintly caught it in and out of consciousness...

-Old Barn was partners in crime, sharing in the mayhem with someone else, inside jokes with everyone, drunken misquitos, and having him physically put me in the car because I wasn't ready to leave.

-Old Barn was Kelsey giving me 2 beers for the road even though she doesn't drink and we left. Kelsey, me, and some awesome couple from Washington state. we pulled away and I saw the lights inside the camper and watched as he shut the door. It was over, and although I don't remember much I knew *that* was a given. I made it and that's all that mattered. There is nothing more intense and overwhelming, nothing that makes you want to embrace it all, but push them away at the same time. One weekend out of the year and we are set loose like the animals that we are. They were talking about extending it another day, but that would only lead to a community hout of alcohol poisoning, which I discovered I had later anyway. Yet another one passes successful with no casualties, save for that car and a tipped over port-o-let. yikes! see ya next year....

(After writing this I later found out that Old Barn is no more. Mark and Tim, the owners, got in trouble with the local law because of the stolen and torched car. Also some kid was stabbed in the eye. It's really devastating to hear situations like these after something that seemed so magical. All good things must come to an end I suppose. But hopefully we can find another place to do it next summer. Hope to see you there!!) ps. old barn is turning into a fulltime race track so it wouldn't happen anyway!

# RECORDS

(513) 281-2763



### "I'm Not Down"

Lee forced his way through the bar, pushing past beer-dangling scenesters and cutting through cigarette smoke. The street never felt so wide open before and he lit a smoke. It was one of the first crisp nights of seeing one's own breath. He shoved his hands in his jean pockets and headed down Brown.

Even at a block away Lee couldn't escape the pulse of the bar and the shitty band inside with a singer who sounded more like a wounded animal than a Johnny Lyden impersonation. Following it was the sound of a bottle smashing and a piercing scream.

"Fucking punk rockers," he mumbled and stuck a key in a rusty gate door. He stumbled down a stone walkway, disoriented from too many expensive beers put on some forgotten tab.

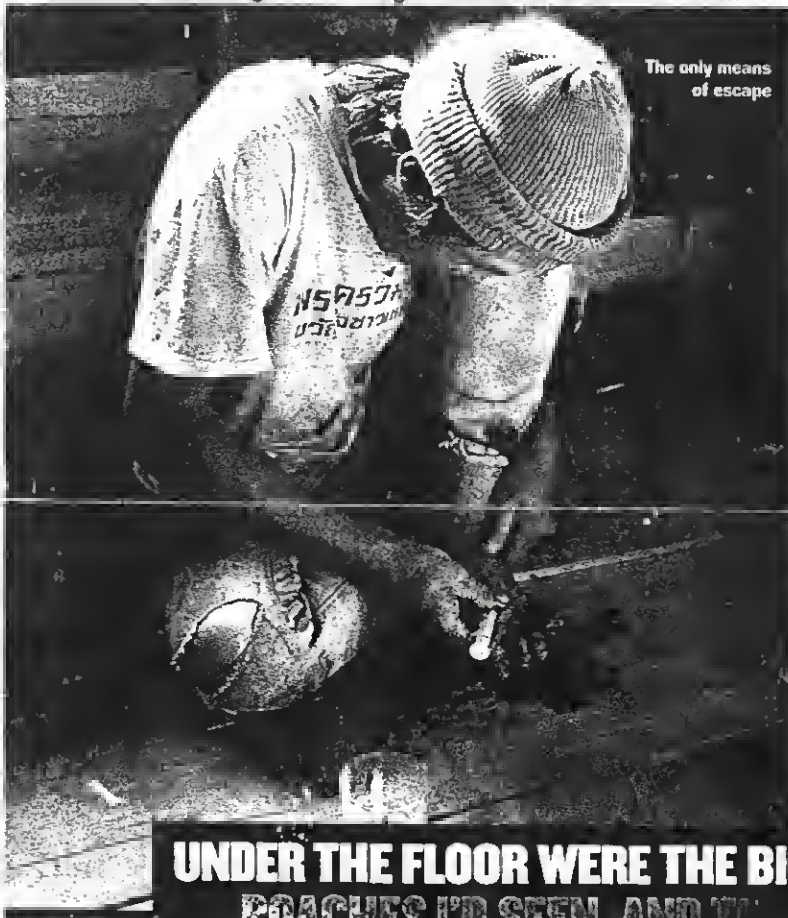
His apartment held only the bare essentials; a record player, a mattress, and always a bottle of Beam. With the Clash on the stereo, Lee slunk back against the wall and closed his eyes. 'Eighteen years ago tonight...' trailed in his thoughts. Eighteen years since his first show as a zit faced fifteen year old. And this was some sense of celebration? Getting inebriated at the bar that held his first punk rock wet dream? Eighteen years as he looked around that bar at the faces he knew wouldn't even last eighteen months. But before the old and bitter hardcore rants flowed he spared them and left the dump as fast as he could.

"It ain't like it used to be," he said and drank heavily from the bottle. It hit the hard wood floor with a thud and he swiped the 9 next to it. "ain't like it used to be...."

Down at Stag's some kids with stamped hands sat out front smoking on the stoop. Amongst the clatter and their friend's band playing inside, there was the distinct sound of a gunshot. One anonymous faced perked up.

"Fucking gangsters," he said.

"So you rock around and think that you're the toughest- in the world, the whole wide world- but you're streets away from where it gets the roughest- You ain't been there..." — The Clash



The only means  
of escape

#### -Pedestal-

I sit high atop this  
self-prescribed pedestal  
refusing to see it any other way  
I will move into your life  
squeeze your spurting will  
and lap up it's paratysis.  
I have you by the throat  
in this leathery grip  
Dangle you like the ornament you are to me.  
It's a compliment to my overall dominion.  
And I'll make sure that you never leave  
etching my mark into the walls  
of your skull  
deep and grating with these black talons.  
Licking at the sweat of your stress  
my love, suck, power, lust, fuel.  
You are my fool.  
Dare not react  
or I'll sink deep with these gnashing teeth.  
This is might in it's purest form.  
The act of absorption  
and maybe I'll let you feed off of my skin  
when I see your frame weaken  
gray eyes veiled and sunken.  
This is my script  
your silence my soundtrack  
high atop this  
self-prescribed pedestal  
refusing to see it any other way.  
I need you.

Show me a woman who doesn't  
feel guilt and I'll show you  
a man —anonymous

**UNDER THE FLOOR WERE THE BIGGEST  
ROACHES I'D SEEN. AND THEY  
WERE FATTENING THEM UP TO EAT.**

"They're drinking a drink  
called loneliness  
but it's better than  
drinking alone" — Billy Joel

It's scary how we witness the downfall. We see the end and aren't even conscious until later with a big, "Oh yeah, I saw that coming." Sad really, to watch friends and blood self destruct. I can't even fathom the idea of letting myself go to shit, yet we watch people do it so freely every fucking day. wow. Sometimes I almost have a sick sort of respect for them. To not care. To be free willed. It sounds like a nice simplistic way to be. It's fascinating. But that's only the glamour, the "heroin sheik"! like its a look to strive for. It is. But hey it's all natural, baby.

# water music

## HOT WATER MUSIC INTERVIEW WITH CHUCK (VIA MAIL)

(a forward: this interview is a bit dated from February '99. Since then they have put out another full length LP "No Division" that changes their tune a bit and experiments with extra drumming, vocals, and even slide guitar. I think it is so fucking amazing and their best stuff yet. Definitely check it out!)

**MOLLIE:** Okay, the obvious stuff: who is in the band? names, ages, positions.... when did Hot Water Music form?

**CHUCK:** Since the beginning (in Oct. of '94) it has and will always be George Rebelo- drums, Jason Black- bass, Chris Wollard- guitar and voice, Chuck Ragan- guitar and voice. We're all in our early to mid-20's.

**M:** How can you describe progress from the beginning? What has changed/evolved from your original goals for the band to the way it is today?

**C:** Our goals from the beginning to now, as far as the basic ideals and reasons, have never changed. Although an awful lot has. Never did we expect to progress as much as we have in the 4 1/2 years or so of this group. We have evolved quite a bit. We have changed a lot. We believe all for the better. We have done nothing but living and learning in this group, and this group has done nothing but help us live and learn. I would hope to believe that that will never change.

**M:** Can you tell me the story behind the name? I heard there was a "battle" over the title with another group- please fill me in...

**C:** To make a long, dead story short, a few years ago Elektra records signed a band from New York called Hot Water Music. How they even heard of us I don't know. The "battle" or whatever you'd like to call it went on for 8 months or so. We all dealt with it including Var at No Idea and Sean Bonner at the time. So it was like this- Hey! How are you?! This is Joe Shit Fuck from Big Boy Records. I think we have a problem. We have a band called HWM and we are unable to release their new debut album with your records in circulation. So how 'bout we make a little deal. 16,000. No, 30,000 oh and major label hook ups! What do you say?—Piss Off! Next month- Alright, listen here! We will shut you down. Make it impossible for you to tour or ever sell your records under the name: HWM. We will take you to court and we will sue you, No Idea, your mom blah blah...

You couldn't find most of the places we play so piss off! So on and so on.. It went on for months which was both humorous as well as a pain in the ass. We just have more fun fucking and fighting them than giving up. So we stood our ground and won. Their band ended up dropping the word 'music' from the name and calling their record Hot Water Music. I've heard it and personally think they should have dropped another word. If anyone has purchased "Hot Water Music" by the band Hot Water, bring it to the next show and I'll gladly trade you it for one of ours.

**M:** What are your views on music classification, be it hardcore/metal/crust/ power violence/emo/grind....? You have been labeled "emo" from what I gather. Does that bother you? Do you think emo has a negative connotation?

**C:** I believe that classifications are inevitable. No matter what. You try and lead a life with blatantly labeling yourself, someone at one time or the other will indefinitely slap a label on you or neatly file you in the class they feel you belong in. People come together to play music and from the start decide to do something different. No labels, no image, no molds. Fuck punk rock fuck metal fuck hardcore. fuck it all. Something new. Something off the beaten path. Yeah maybe. Sooner or later someone or someone's will decide for you what "type" of music it is. As for the "emo" description, it doesn't mean a fucking thing to me. It never has. Sure I believe in EMOTION among many other forces. I believe that anyone without emotion, creating music, or art, or writings, or other constructive works are definitely lacking a big piece of the puzzle. That's a given. I don't care what or how people label us. It makes no difference in what or how we feel like creating our music. Or our lives.

**M:** Who writes your lyrics? Are they collectively written? I was wondering particularly about "220 years". Could you explain the meaning behind it?

**C:** Usually whoever is singing the part is the part they wrote. But for the most part Chris and I do write a lot collectively. Feeding off each other's ideas. There are a lot of lyrics that we've written alone. We both continually write in as well as out of the group so they are always brought to each other to either work other parts in or to better construct them. Sometimes they're left alone. 220 Years is just another song as well as a way to break through the big brother barrier society we are all hoped upon to fall into. To use any means necessary to live as honestly and as independently as possible. It is an explanation of individuality as well as an inspiration for everyday revolutions. The song was written in '96- 220 years after the last American Revolution.

**M:** The lyrics have been very uplifting to me. There seems to be an ongoing theme of being aware and not holding back. Does this apply to your everyday lives? Do you consider yourselves optimistic?

**C:** I would love to say that I'm an entirely optimistic person but I can't. I have my days of wanting to give up which I guess is just another bump in the road. I can easily say though that I live the majority of my days with my chin up. Looking forward to the next obstacle with confidence. It's taking a long time to adjust as so but I believe that I have always felt or envisioned good always overcoming evil. Writing has always contributed in aid to all my ongoing battles. When I write out my ideas or goals of how to live, or to cope, or communicate, or to love, or to resist, I always find it to reveal more. I'm able to see all situations more clearly. I do continually strive to apply my outlooks to day to day life. Sometimes I'm consistent, sometimes overwhelmed, and sometimes I don't have a clue. But I always do my best to push myself back on track. Thanks for asking:



**M:** There are songs such as "North and South" that lead into your touring experiences. What are you gaining from traveling and playing different places? Have you had any interesting learning experiences that stand out in your mind?

**C:** I don't even know how to put it into words how much we have gained and learned in all of our travels. We've seen and been so many places and we have taken something home from each of them. It hasn't all been pleasant. If anyone has ever been on extended road trips they will tell you that it's not wonderful all of the time- especially when you're broken down in the desert sun with a smelly group of people just as hungry and as tired as you are. In whole our trips have been nothing but inspirational. The people and the communities we have met and become a part of has helped us better understand and help ourselves, our family, our friends, and our own community. There isn't much that's more beautiful than that. A lot of situations stand out in my mind but I couldn't discredit any of them by sharing another because I've learned from them all.

**M:** In particular, what did you think of the warehouse gig in Columbus, OH (this past Dec. '98)? I think "if we learn how to let it go, feels good connecting with the union all singing full hearted, frustrated, but backed up by my friends" was the best way to describe it. That show started off very separated and categorized but it went and turned a 180 on us when HWM played. Do you feel a strong connection? I really felt like us as an audience, and you as a band came together and fed off each other's energy. Am I crazy? Do you agree, and if so, does this happen often at HWM shows?

**C:** I totally agree and fully believe in the full circle cycle energy at shows. What I mean by that is the movement, expression, or voices of all peoples exchanging continuously. That is communication and that is groundbreaking. I speak to all like minds when I say that I believe we can overcome anything that obstructs out personal freedom if we simply come together with open eyes, ears, and minds. Collectively contributing our work, devotion, desire, and energy to change for the better. I loved that show from the start. Not just because we had room to skate all over the inside of that place but the simple fact of how it was set up. The bands away from the wall and further away from the ceiling. Everyone creating a full circle facing each other dead in the eyes, singing and dancing our hearts out. It was intense. That night was an ideal show for me.

**M:** What are influences, musically and through writing that fuel inspiration for you?

**C:** Inspirations range from everything to everything else. Influences are close to the same. We try our best to listen to everything. Not just music, but *everything*. And I know I've found rhythm in all of it. Trains, trees, rivers, fans, or washing machines. I'm sure it sounds hokey but if you listen carefully you will find a song in everything. As far as writings go we all read a huge variety of stuff. Lately I've been reading another one of Daniel Quinn's works. The sequel to "Ishmael" a fictional book of a map of our human culture and why we are the way we are today. If you care at all or are opposed to what our culture has become from the start, I highly recommend his work. Full of alternative ideas that have been here all along but forgotten by most.

**M:** Okay, so what got you into punk in the first place? Did you grow up in Gainesville? Have you had strong people, radical thinkers, punk rockers, etc. to influence you or give you a "push" into the scene? Or were you on your own with the ideas and music?

**C:** Rebellion. I grew up in a strict southern Baptist home. I was never allowed to listen to the radio and I thought that old people were the only ones with records until I started skating. That is where it all began. I hung out with a lot of older punks and skinheads and none of us gave a shit about any scene. I guess we sort of had our own actually. It seems that it was a lot harder then to be a punk or even a free thinker for that matter. Maybe the age or maybe because it hadn't hit the mainstream charts. Who knows? All I know is that it wasn't easy being different. I'm not saying it is now but getting into punk rock then for me meant turning my back on my parents, leaving home, and quitting school and trying to survive my own way. All because none of it seemed right. Everywhere I went I got nothing but put down, stepped on, accused, or made fun of. I don't blame a lot of people for doing so because I was a shit little bastard. Now people are sending me letters and asking me questions!

**M:** I talked with some of your band who say they attend college. What are they studying? Do you work? What kind of jobs does the band have? And what are future aspirations?

**C:** Chris is in community college now and Jason has graduated with an English major but plans to go back. I'm the only one in the band that is working right now mainly because I enjoy it. I do carpentry work when I'm home. Lately I've been helping a man build his own house on the outskirts of Gville. Where I'm building is a plot of 160+ acres which was collectively bought by a small group of environmentalists who plan to live on small areas of the land while leaving and preserving the rest as common land. They are all into living as self-sufficiently as possible. Which has really set me off on my own goals which are pretty much the same. I believe in independence to the fullest extreme. I believe in complete self sufficiency, and of course I need my freedom. One day I hope to have a family of my own in a community of like-minded individuals to grow old with. All of which is just a frame of my dreams.

**M:** How do you measure success? Do you believe in the idea of having a "career" to be successful?

**C:** That to me would be success. To beat the game by not even bothering with the game. I have no care to single out a career because I have no care to become stuck in it. As far as how I measure success, it is definitely not by large bills in my wallet, executive positions, or fancy status symbols. Bum it all. The more money the more problems. How I measure success is how I feel at the time. Now for instance, I'm on top of the world, I just married the love of my life, music is making the world go round and I'm listening, I have 2 beautiful Airedales who love me, and I'm doing exactly what I want and care to be doing every single day of my life. To me, that is success, and I couldn't and wouldn't ask for anything else (well except for a farm

M: Would you take the "opportunity" is a major label asked you to sign? Do you consider it "selling out" if an underground act decides to go on MTV, radio, etc.?

C: No we wouldn't. But I can't say that we never would. I don't think that it's selling out by having a release on a major, or even by being on MTV or the radio. In my personal life I support and shop for independent music in locally owned stores. I hate television and refuse to even own one. And when I listen to the radio I listen to local pirate stations. But I'll be looking for the new Johnny Cash. If Midnight Oil were around I would see them, even if I had to pay 5 times what I normally pay for shows. I think a lot is overlooked as far as what these people are about and what they truly are. Granted, a lot of the major label games are fucking bullshit, which I why I have no care to deal with anything of that sort in my life right now. But I can't say I never would. A lot of bands make the stupid mistake of jumping at whatever they can get, blinded by the dollar signs and their won name in lights, they'll sign the dotted line in their own blood while not figuring the outcomes. They fuck themselves and later find out they have not an ounce of control. In the meantime forgetting where they've come from and how they got there.

M: How about the future of HWM? Any releases or tour/fest plans?

C: As far as new records and tours go, we have a live record recorded at our old home away from home "the Hardback:" coming out on No Idea. A new full length record coming out on Some records hopefully in May.

2-7" 's that are new on No Idea next month. A split CD and 12" with the amazing rock gods, Leatherface from England out on BYO this summer. If all goes well. As well as a singles comp of all 7" 's, unreleased stuff and demos. AK Press benefit comp, Government Issue comp, and a bunch of other junk. We are road warriors all over again this summer. Hopefully we can get through these without breaking up this time! Starting at the end of May-- 6 week US tour with Leatherface, 1 week Japanese and Hawaii tour, 3 or so

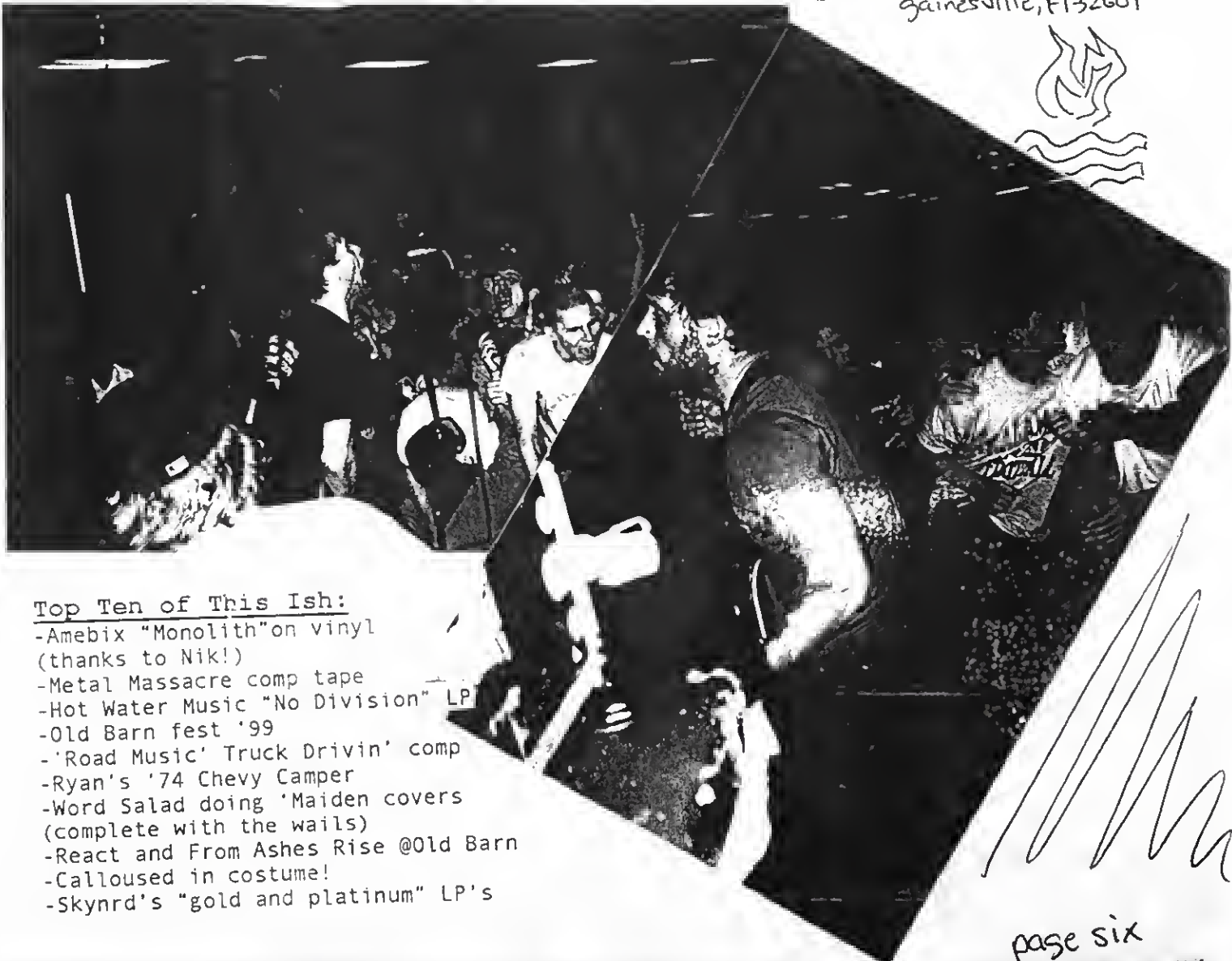
week European tour with As Friends Rust from Gainesville. End of March we'll be at the Detroit fest.

That's all I can remember right now. Anyway hope to see you around. Take care and thank you for writing

I truly appreciate your interests. -Chuck Ragan

(I wanted to take the time here to say *massive* thanks to Chuck for the interview, and don't worry I don't think it's too long! It's fantastic. And I really appreciate the quick reply. I send out interviews, sometimes with stamps just to insure a response, and never get one. fuck that. I don't care *how* busy you are. If anything I would consider it an honor. We have these "rock stars" in this scene, who aren't even on the highest regards, but still feel too above (or unmotivated) to answer to a measly interview. And then you have guys like Chuck, in bands who are *really* out there, well known, popular, whatever, and don't let it get to their heads. It is like family. These motherfuckers are so real and I couldn't thank them enough.)

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### Top Ten of This Ish:

- Amebix "Monolith" on vinyl (thanks to Nik!)
- Metal Massacre comp tape
- Hot Water Music "No Division" LP
- Old Barn fest '99
- 'Road Music' Truck Drivin' comp
- Ryan's '74 Chevy Camper
- Word Salad doing 'Maiden covers (complete with the wails)
- React and From Ashes Rise @Old Barn
- Calloused in costume!
- Skynrd's "gold and platinum" LP's

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## Hatchet Zines

**Antipathy**-#4\$1.25/pob11703/eugene,or/97440. -Now this is a zine that's content is hard to come by these days but very appreciated. Mike tells mishap train tales, the ruckus of the '98 Asylum fest, a write-up on punk names, another on fascism, a column on the current state of hobo-core, stuff on sex and how masturbation saved his ass while riding the highline in bitter Oct. Plus reviews, the 5 "punkest places to live" in north america and more!

**Big Bloodbath of Excitement**-#2free/pob775/slatersville,ri/02876. -ahh, an "all metal" edition. Matt did a wonderful job here depicting the true culture of the metal world -the serious and the hilarious. Articles on being a teenage metalhead, diaries of metal shows (Exhumed, Motorhead, Manowar, and Ratt...). Stuff on X-tian metal, a hilarious guide to identifying 4 types of metalheads, a comic, and even a fold out poster of Lemmy! In the words of my friend Darryl "Kick Axe!"

**Dead City**- #3\$??/pob19083/pitts.,pa/15213. -Here is a small zine that a friend sent and I really love it. First of all there are no interviews, no reviews.. It is just 3 amusing stories about Canadian drinking, drinking in Pittsburgh, and even more drinking in Pittsburgh. That may not sound so interesting but there are funny stories behind them and I don't want to give anything away. All are in the 3rd person however it seems he has experienced at least one of these stories first hand. It's a quick and inspiring read.

**(Those of) No Allegiance**-#3\$1/230garland#2/dayton,oh/45403. -This is Frank's last full issue of NA. It is an elaborately hand-drawn comic book style story of his true life experiences as a marine in the Gulf War. It's 39 pages of raw and guttural intensity depicting the reality of the situation- from the first kill, to watching a friend die, to flash forwarding to '99, and to punk and the farcical pc beliefs. My favorite line: "Hell hath much furyand hell was just kids with fully automatic weaponry and more than enough blood to last a lifetime..and fear..killing men..for no other reason, no other cause than survival... From this day forth I will never be the same- I didn't want to kill anyone but I wanted to die here even less". I can't say enough of how proud I am to see him put this out. Definitely not your typical zine, format, or content.

**I Hate You**- #7 \$7/14 easton ave.#207/new brunswick,nj/08901- Probably the best most personal zine I've ever read. Within this half-sized ditty is the on-going story of a friendship gone totally sour. There is a good lesson learned here- something to think about before you move cross-country to live with a friend you thought you knew. Also includes other stories about a horrific sight as a young child in NYC, her feelings on child abuse, etc etc. Throughout this, she breaks up her friendship story, and it makes reading it even more enjoyable. Worth it!

**Potatoe**-#3 \$1/pobox1891/fayetteville,ar/72702-1891- I really enjoyed this read. Robert is a great writer and focuses on personal stories in here. Some include a run-in with the cops on a late night walk, breaking into an abandoned building and getting caught, swimming in Oklahoma, a seein' red show review, a fictional story, and a lot more. He focuses on the small town aspects and it makes this zine even more personal. dig it.

**Mangelslakt**-#1 \$2/pob580402/mpls,mn/55458-0402- Here's another zine slanted more on the crust-punk side, which is rare these days. There are interviews with CFDL, Disclose, etc. A section dedicated to Japanese hardcore and a guide to Hong Kong films. A few columns, recipes and other good stuff. A very rad effort for their first issue. check it out!

**In Abandon**- #4 \$2/?/pob82192/tampa,fl/33682- I read this while on a rode trip to the East coast and it fit very well for that. It is a travel diary of sorts. All recounts of a summer spent on the rode. Lots of caffeine and adrenaline, and trust me he'll tell you that alot in here! Some of it seems to repeat itself, it is definitely a wordy zine and needs all of your attention, but thats why I like it so much. I really got to fantasizing about the editor and what he must be like. Then I had a run in with him in Providence and he wasn't what I expected. It was sort of disappointing to read something so inspiring and find out they are totally different in person. Maybe it was bad timing? who knows? But it doesn't stop me from really enjoying his work.

**Cometbus**- anything!! \$2/pobox4726/berkeley,ca/94704- Only in the past couple years have I really immersed myself in Cometbus. I recommend anything that Aaron graces us with. He is probably my favorite writer in the world! All of his stories are so unique in his simplistic format. He pulls you in with not too much or too little description. What is so intriguing is that he doesn't dwell on punk and punk namedropping, ectetc. He writes about individual people and about his travels and life in general. Completely inspiring. It makes me wish I could write so well and make my life look interesting! My favorite of all has to be his European travels in #36, every bit of it seems like an adventure, even in the down times. Definitely get intouch with his work! I have often wanted to write him but have been intimidated. silly me.

-seven



ANOK & PEACE

# EDUCATE, AGITATE, COMMUNICATE & ORGANIZE

*We need to join hands, hearts & minds together to take our first  
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# Unpredictable

Inspiration is extremely rare these days. I don't know why. I'm feeling the pressure, and I've felt the alienation, too bad when you find out someone you care for is so fucking superficial. I guess that could apply to a lot of people in my life.

I hate to say anything before it happens. I don't want to predict or make plans. I guess it's a sick little phobia I have that something terribly wrong could happen before the wonderful plans take place. Don't count on anything. I don't want to use anyone or depend on anything, because it happens that fast and it's a serious thought.

I think a lot about punk and how things seem to get so stagnant. I feel like it was time for this to die anyway, to crash and burn. It's the only way that we can reinvent it. Give this whole idea a time to rest, instead of regurgitating the same shit over and over. We have been chewing at the same cud for too long. And it's time to lay it to rest awhile.

and that's where I know we will get our inspiration. Maybe this is the natural course of things, the time to weed out the bad, shake off the extra weights, because the stagnation can only make the ones who stick with it: stronger, give them a clean slate, a fresh canvas to create what hasn't been before. this feels like the calm before the storm, in all aspects of life. it's going to get crazy here. It's going to be the true test.



The hardest part of Living is just making it through the night. Rope left empty and slack. Razor clean and dry (the porcelain tub never cleaned so white or tauntingly thankful). The chambers may not be empty, but the barrel is cold and no smoke has stirred. Go ahead, count the rounds--there are no empty shells tonight. Leave the oven cool and it's door shut. There's no tube stuck in the car window and no brick to weigh heavy on the pedal. I don't have anywhere to go tomorrow, but why waste the gas? (C'mon, how is That a waste of gas?) There's not even any fingerprints on the mirror of the bathroom medicine cabinet--not even recreational ones. So many choices... It is so hard to just make it through the night. -Chris Strickland



## Kentucky Bourbon and Blue Grass

His hand rested on her thigh as she clasped the bra straps back together.

She rubbed her tired eyes and scratched her head, then back to her face, covered with cupped palms. A loud sigh escaped, long with exhaust. She bent down to pull up her socks. Shoes slipped on and he rubbed her back. He felt her skin, fingered the spine, and back to her thigh. The room was dark, smothered with black curtains, a chronic midnight. Her eyes traced the outline of the boy on the far right sofa. He slept sound, a feeling she longed for. Another boy curled on the black rug, rhythmically snoring. It was just him and her awake. Tired, edgy, barely awake.

She looked down at the hand on her leg. Barely visible, the masculine hand with flesh colored nail polish. She chuckled.

"What, you don't like my nails?" his voice hoarse from hours of silence. She covered his hand with her clammy one.

"I do. I really do," was all she could fester. Too much thought and the nausea of emotion. A sore feeling, her t-shirt hurt.

She just wanted to sleep. She only wanted to lie back on the couch, curled up next to him like a puppy. There were distractions. Dumb boy lust.

She stroked his hand, it was a strangers hand but he made her feel known. She shook her head and pulled herself into the present. No time for recollection, only time to piss or puke, one of the two. And stood. The blood rushed, overwhelming her and she fell back on the couch with a thud. He laughed with a slice of concern. Her wobbly knees, only good for collapsing. Yet determined to make it to the bathroom.

-Pulled and pushed the face and realized it was her in the mirror. She touched and smiled at the reflection. A splash of cold water and she examined, the blood red soreness that rough meth hands caused. She hugged herself.

It was time to go and she collected her things, walked out the door into the early morning. He sat propped against the bricks talking to the drunk guy from last night and the other one on the swing, in his black dress and garters, lipstick and gloves.

It was hard looking at them in the 10am light. They were strangers. She said her goodbyes and walked down the cement steps and across the lawn to the car. She felt his eyes burn the back of her head, her legs, and probably her ass too. uncomfortable. Maybe that's what it was for him. yeah. She only wanted to sleep.

LOVE-

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,  
And the love of a staunch true man,  
And the love of a baby that's unafraid-  
All have existed since time began.  
But the most wonderful love, the love of all  
lovers, even greater than the love for mother,  
Is the infinite, tenderest, passionate love  
of one dead drunk for another

-anonymous

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"Hobos may be houseless, but they are not  
homeless; they are at home wherever  
they wander, where ever they put down  
their bedroll" - Done & Been - by Gypsy  
Moon

page nine

IF



-Hatchet Reviewz-

Hole- "Celebrity Skin" CD. -Okay, I bought this for my roommate's birthday and couldn't stop listening to it myself. Never been much of a Hole fan but they have progressed with this album here. The lyrics are of the "glamorous tragedy" type but are written tactfully in my opinion. You can hear Stevie Nicks in Courtney's voice and Smashing Pumpkins in the music- but it's tight as hell. It's a very reflective album and worth it to those who aren't afraid to enjoy a mainstream record. \*\*\*

Metal Massacre- compilation tape on "Destroy Tapes". -Metal up your fucking arse! I scored this beaut at a record shop in Yellow Springs (OH). I am one lucky bastard. This is rooted when trading tapes and making comps was the way to go. This is a British contribution, circa '88, of metal-crust gods: Bolt Thrower, Rattus, Axe grinder, Obliteration, Hellbastard, and Agressa. 2-3 songs each and Agressa's vocalist gets the award for best Rob Halford wails. Axe grinder, Rattus, and Hellbastard get the award for full-fledge fist-in-the-air brutality! One of the best scores of the year so far. (this review is dedicated to Skell, ya mad bastard!) \*\*\*\*\*

Callused- "The Masquerade" LP, Fired Up! Recs pob89B5.mpls..mn.55408. -Fuck yeah, just what I needed, a swift punk kick in the ass! Stacey mixes singing and snarls and Jon throws in his 2cents on occasion. And the fact that they break down with metallic parts and instrumentals gives them a more unique canvas to work with. Awesome shit. \*\*\*\*\*

State of Filth/Slain- split 7" enslaved/smack in the mouth. -I am a huge fan of crunchy metal guitars and double bass, State of Filth have so many right on punk beats- influences from old UK crust mixed with faster more recent sounds. Slain use the same slow metal intro's and overlapping vocals with abusive lyrical messages to compliment. Definitely a worthwhile 7". \*\*\*\*

The Promise Ring- "Nothing Feels Good" LP Jade Tree. -Okay I'll admit that it's kinda scary when you start getting into this kind of shit. I got made fun of for owning this record with it's bubbly carnival pictures and Twister dots on the cover. The Promise Ring play pop in the truest sense. Everyone owns a record that is a reflection of a time they need to remember, this does that for me. The lyrics are very obtuse strings of thought. Most of those reading this would probably commit themselves before putting this record on their turntable, but I think we all hold a special place for crap music. \*\*

State of the Union- s/t LP Exist/Skuld. -This mutha is dark "pentagram-punk", chasing that Amebix feel. I'm into the wicked acoustic sounds and the nicely produced electric rage. The drums at time remind me of HHIG and the lyrics are darkly, deathly atheist. grrrrrrr!!! \*\*\*

The Long Gones- "Prepare to Burn" LP Shake It Recs. -These are Cincinnati boys playing greasy mechanic rock n' roll. Very snotty, red-neck, country influenced, flaming 50's car, tattooed, blue jeans, pompadored style. Get it? The recording quality isn't the greatest but that gives it it's charm. \*\*\*

Twenty Third Chapter- "An Eden for the Machines" LP Ohev. -After all the hubub it's finally here- the full length. Welding metal with hardcore with crust in a strategical and laboring manner. I say laboring because if you have ever seen them live you know they are slaves to the grind! Purely physical from start to finish. Lyrics are of the "might as well eat a bullet 'cause we're all doomed" kind with samples from Planet of the Apes. Full color art work on cover and very impressive glossy-color lyric booklet. An all around serious effort here. \*\*\*\*\*

Hot Water Music- "Live @ the Hardback" LP No Idea. -I can't understand how someone couldn't fall in love with this band and I can't say enough good things about them. HWM are not only one of the most fist in the air fierce bands around but just about the best live show you will ever see. I favor the live stuff over the studio because the audience are full participants, singing just as wholeheartedly as Hot Water Music themselves! This is an incredible recording with all the intensity of a live show in a slab of vinyl. It also comes with a glossy booklet full of live shots from that show at the Hardback and personal explanations of the songs I know and love. "live at the hard back" is a prayer fucking answered! \*\*\*\*\*!!

Choking Victim- "No Gods No Managers" CD Hellcat. -Wow. I've been a big fan of CV since almost the beginning. Just some C-squatters playing crusty-ska and now they have their own CD now. Most of these songs are on their first demo "Crack Rock Steady" and I can't help but compare. I actually favor the shitty recording and gruffness of the demo, it has more style and character. I think. But I do like the new songs with the faster crustier edge and other's with the reggae groove. They've come a lot further than people would've expected. \*\*\*\*

Hot Water Music- "No Division" LP Some Rec.s.- I snatched this thing up as fast as it came out! Any new Hot Water fuels me for months at a time and I know this definitely will. It isn't in the "traditional" sense of their style. The vocals are even more gruff than before, and they are experimenting here with a more straight forward style. Extra drumming, extra vocals on It's Hard To Know, and even slide guitar. For anyone who gets this I'm sure they will be magnetized to Driving Home like I am. So yet again another beaut from these guys. It is only getting better and that is something admirable. \*\*\*\*\*!!

React- "Dues Ex Machina" LP Fired Up! Recs.- Woah, this record reestablishes faith in punk again. Full on with the most intense female vocalists around. I had the pleasure of seeing them at Old Barn and it was a dream! "Touched by Violent Hands" is hands down the best song here, complete with sing style vocals and acoustic guitar. Very tribalistic in a sense. Definitely check this mutha out! \*\*\*\*\*



## Stamps and Plane Tickets

### Part Un

I've written to countless people, some meaningless hushshit and wastes of time. But there are friendships who have lasted years now. And one of those was with him. Looking back at the first letters I would've never guessed the outcome, yet at the sametime it was all laid out for the future. Ready to happen with the most intense and unpredictable experiences that I could ever fathom. Truly unique and unforgettable.

We wrote for two years pretty consistently and uncomfortable experiences proved to bring things closer and more frequent. I could count on him and his letters to soothe. He quickly became a good friend, a best friend even. I often questioned if that was possible with a three thousand mile gap between us. But another letter would come around, thick as hell, and I knew, no questions asked....

We are all intrigued with the unknown. He was unknown to me yet very close. The mystery is always so exciting and intriguing. That mystery was half the drive to write a ten page letter at any given time. And I often questioned myself. A lot of people were skeptical, which I think is understandable. I spent all of my waking moments thinking of this. Asking myself why was it so easy to spill out so much gut to a potential stranger. It gets you. It's easy to be close when writing, close enough with intimate details yet far away enough to feel safe at a distance, to have your space and no commitments. But I knew that this would be a lifelong commitment.

A frantic 4am phone call changed everything. All he had to say was "I need a friend" and I shopped around for the cheapest plane ticket to LA. No questions asked, I'll be there. I spent so much of my time on him cross country, I could be there in person too. And yeah it was scary as hell, yet so familiar that I had faith. We all have our tinges of fear- but I never doubted him. ever.

And in the month or so that we waited for the time to arrive I went crazy. Totally and so completely consumed by the news and the idea of staying with this literal stranger. We knew eachother, but not in person. I think we both expressed our idiosyncrasies and fears that the other wouldn't be pleased with the overall package in person. I, being the stereotypical female worked myself to death trying to achieve some "perfect" body- and stressing myself out to the max in the process. And I'd quickly realize later that none of that matters when you are finally in the flesh.

### Part Deux

My dad drove me down to catch the plane in Louisville- a good two and a half hours away. I still remember the day and the temperature. It was extremely windy and what I wanted to be a meditative and calm ride down South ended up the most nerve wracking experience! My dad has a Jeep and we were literally being hlownd all over the rode the entire trip down. It was the kind of experience that could give someone an ulcer! Here I was trying to collect myself and my fears of the whole of the situation and the roof of the Jeep was flapping so hard in the wind that we expected it to fly off! And not to mention pops yelling in the process. But we laughed and made sick jokes about finally making it to the Louisville airport, hut only as skeletons because our flesh was ripped from the crazy winds. I can always count on a sick laugh with him.

The airport was wide open and I couldn't fathom flying in the air. I had never done so and here I was experiencing it alone. I think it is so amazing how we have these drives. I was doing all of this as if I were programmed. It's funny how emotion can push us to the edge, no limitations, nothing getting in the way. I'm really proud of myself for that and honestly couldn't see myself taking such a risk now.

My dad hugged me before I got on the plane and I realized that it was the first time we had hugged in atleast ten years. It was very emotional yet I kept my cool 'cause that's what I've been taught to do hy the man himself. And it was time to leave...

### Part Trois

When we took off my lungs sank to my gut and I uttered "Holy shit!" as we unsteadily moved into the air. What a fucking rush! I loved being on a plane from the start. I was looking down onto the Southern plains, through Tennessee and all the states that would lead me to Texas where I would transfer over onto the plane that would take me to the small airport outside of LA.

The Dallas airport was a huge U shape. I was on one end and the plane to catch was on the opposite. I ran almost all the way there. All the while thinking of how glamorous this style of traveling was. I was used to crammed and beat up cars, uncomfortable positions with dogs on my lap for hours on end. And here I was now boarding a plane that flies high above all of those punk rock travelers in their cheap cars, boxcars, or hitched rides.

This plane was the one that would lead me and I was panicking a hit. The stewardess offered me dinner hut I couldn't eat. Instead I answered his last letter that he would be reading in person. In person. What a fucking thought! After three years and it was all coming together. Like the last piece of the puzzle that would pull the full picture together.

We flew through the sunset and the night. I looked down on the incredible lights of Las Vegas and watched the rain whiz hy my window. It was a cool April night and we were about to land.

That's when I really lost it. I asked the woman heside me if I has anything in my teeth, I fretted and fidgeted. This was it. I thought about how he would see me get off the plane. This was a small airport so instead of walking through a hallway into the port, we would be walking down the stairs into the crowd. There is nothing worse than having to look for someone when they already see you. It's kind of like that feeling when someone calls your name in a crowd and you feel like the highest idiot looking for the source. I don't think my heart ever raced like it did that night. Here I was, never been on a plane before, never been to California, and never even met this person! And I was in his element for the next seven days.

I spotted him as I walked down the stairs. He was standing with his hig Mexican DJ friend and the guy's pregnant girlfriend. It wasn't hard to find them. I could see his smile from the distance and the blood rushed to my face. All the anxiety huilt up and here it was going to explode face to face.

We emhraced and I had a hard time looking him in the eyes. I had a hard time grasping the fact that it was happening! And at the risk of sounding cliché, he was all that I expected and so much more! So completely overwhelming. On the ride to his neighborhood I couldn't fathom that it was him, flesh and blood, with his leg pressed to mine. I looked out the window at the huge California hills (something us Midwesterners don't see much of) and he wouldn't stop looking at me.

He lived in a Vietnamese community and had a nice town house apartment with two other guys, who I didn't see much of. We went in his room and didn't come out for almost two days. We read letters and listened to comp tapes and made sure eachother was real with touch. We fell asleep in eachother's arms and he said it was the deepest sleep he had had in months.

To tell you the truth, I didn't see much of the city. He would work in the night and we would ly around lazily all day, hut it didn't matter to me, we were so enamored with eachother. I couldn't get over the fact that I could feel so unbelievably comfortable with someone I had never known in person. Feeling the first hug and the first kiss. It was the most overwhelming experience to explore someone you know so much of emotionally and intellectually hut not in a physical sense until now.



#### Part Katre

We saw Anti-Flag play one night. They were old friends he hadn't seen since his days living in Pittsburgh. He wouldn't take his arm from around my waist and it wasn't uncomfortable. I never felt like a coat hanger or the dumb girl who can't have an individual thought without her boyfriend around. No, I was an equal party, and I felt proud. We were like partners in crime, and for the first time in my life I wasn't intimidated. I never felt like I was below him, never unequal. Not once did I question our trust. I let myself get mushy and took the compliments with a squirm. Like the night in the sub shop: "Do I have anything on my face?" "Beauty."

"Ahh shut up."

#### Part Cinq

And with all things perfect, they must come to an end. There were the foggy intentions of me moving later that summer and making a life in the pit of Southern California. I was all for it. This proved it to me. And the week was up. It was scary to leave. There was no good bye- just a short kiss and I'll see you later. I had grown so accustomed to his life that week that I was afraid to leave and lead my own. I felt like he tried to detach himself that day in the airport, but I don't blame him. I hate good byes too.

Coming back was a blur. I was anxious to get home and sleep in my bed (he didn't have one) and be alone to collect the events. Like the time spent in Target, stealing a kiss in the electronics department, loading up on candy and pens. And going to the Vietnamese market in the morning before I had to leave. I lived on the memories that summer, even though I never got to see the ocean...

#### Part Sept

The intensity of the whole situation became too much to bear. Time spent apart gave way to wandering thoughts and jealousies and questioning the whole situation in general. He wasn't calling much anymore or returning letters. And I contributed it to me. I was extremely self conscious and vulnerable at this point. Here, I just gave all of myself to someone and I sat back and watched it crumble. The rest of that summer was extremely depressing. There were times when I called him bawling my eyes out. It was confusing; the one person I always spilled my problems to was now the source of it all. I alienated myself from the friends I had close to me and focused all my efforts on someone on the opposite coast.

But somewhere in there I picked up. It's funny how we get in these funks and think we'll never recover, but one day you realize you're all right. Things ain't so bad. You don't know what snapped back but you don't want to question it either. I think the distance between him and I was a huge help, and time spent away (and away from all contact- letters, etc.) aided in the healing.

#### Part Huit

These days we are still in contact. He is still one of my most frequent penpals. He now lives with his girlfriend and is seeming to be doing a hell of a lot better than I had ever known him to be. He contributes his time on this planet to me after those crucial days from the past. And I can't say enough of how proud I am to have him as a close friend and to hear of his happiness. I won't touch on the bad shit because it's been dealt with or is in the process. We never even spoke of that early morning phone call that changed his and my life and led me to California to be there as a friend. And no matter how many times it's been said before, friends are more important than lovers to me. It's even more sacred if you can pick up the pieces after something like this and still be friends. I have never regretted any of it, never once thought I made a mistake. Because these days I can look back and laugh at the fun times and never even think about the bad.

Sometimes people ask me, "Do you still write to that guy?" "That guy" I laugh. I'm extremely content now with what we have and our memories together. I don't need to write him all the time or pine over his reply because I am confident that he will always be in my life.

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Our Own Way. we've seen some real hard times and I hope the hardest are behind, but there will be times when it will seem like we are caught someplace in between the ocean and the storm without a shore. We'll find our own way home and sing out every song we know. No one can keep us down. And who gives a fuck what anybody says we'll live and love until we're dead. Holding on to what we've come to know. And on and on and on and on and every time you hear this song be sure you are not alone. -Hwm

Letters is one way that hobos draw close, into a family, into a tribe

-Dones Been-



# DETESTATION

Here is an interview with Saira of Detestation conducted at a show in Warsaw, Poland on 10.4.98 by my good (pen) friend, Marysia, with the help of Martin Valasek and Ania. Since this interview I believe Detestation have called it quits and Saira is living in Belgium, but don't quote me on that)

**Key: M: Marysia, S: Saira, Martin: Martin, A: Ania**

**Marysia: Is it your first time in Europe?**

**Saira:** Well, to tour yeah. I came with Masskontroll three years ago, but this is our first Detestation tour.

**M:** Do you see lots of differences between Europe and USA?

**S:** Yes, lots of differences. Pretty much everything is different. The number of people who come to shows. Here's a lot more people and the people who do come seem to be more interested in it. In the US if people go to shows at all it's usually no big deal to them, unless it's something like, you know, some UK punk band from the early 80's or something like that. For the most part people's attitudes are really apathetic towards shows. People get along better here. From what I've seen the punk scene here is not as divided. People here are more interested in helping the scene, they don't just go for the fun of it. There are so many differences that it is really hard to say all of them.

**M:** What about other European countries and Europe?

**S:** Well, yesterday it was really different...

**M:** What happened yesterday?

**S:** It was really strange. We haven't been there very long. We got here at 3:30pm and all those football hooligans came. We couldn't tell if they were racist or not because we didn't know what they were saying. They had football scarves and were acting dumb and violent like throwing bottles around. It was really weird, it was a lot more macho last night, and today it's all punks.

**M:** Are there many apolitical skinheads in Portland?

**S:** Yeah. For a long time there were no skinheads. They had a really bad name because some skinheads who were racist were put in jail for killing someone like 8 or 9 years ago. So after that there were no skinheads even if you were S.H.A.R.P., people would look at you different.

**M:** In Poland there is a new wave, like more and more skinheads.

**S:** Exactly. That's how it is in Portland now too. It's becoming more popular to be an anti-racist skinhead. But for the most part they are still really sexist and homophobic, dumb and macho.

**M:** So the punk and skinhead scenes are not united?

**S:** It's more like the skinheads hung out with punks who like to party a lot, because they just drink together.

**M:** I've heard you are doing a zine...

**S:** Yeah I do a zine called Diminutive Rage. I've done four issues so far and it's mostly a personally oriented zine. I do writings about certain things I feel at the time. Usually I get really mad about something, type up a bunch of stuff, and put an issue out. There was a 2 year span between my first and second issue, because I just didn't have anything to say at the time I guess. I've put the 4th issue out right now before I went on tour. That issue has 2 interviews with bands and 2 scene re-ports and an interview with a guy from Mexico, he talks about his band and about a lot of stuff that goes around in Mexico right now and some other stuff.

**Martin Valasek:** Do you get a lot of response?

**S:** I've sent it out for a lot of people to review and most of the response I get is "Oh I saw your review..." Some people write back, sometimes I get letters about the certain thing I wrote like "oh I liked this" or "I didn't like that..." "you know this is how I feel about it". It's nice because it's personal. I don't think punk rock is just a music, I think it's more than that. And I think people know it's more than that but a lot of people forget to concentrate on how they feel.

**M:** Do you know any Polish bands?

**S:** Yeah, my favorite one is Post Regiment, and Wlochaty. I like them a lot. Homominitia are very good, Sanctus Iuda. I like older ones too. I know Armia are really fucked up but I like their music a lot.

**Martin:** How do you keep the band alive, because twice I've heard rumors that you have split up?

**S:** There was a period when we didn't break up but we had a lot of problems. I was going to be out of the band. We just had an interpersonal problem with each other.

**Martin:** But now you are over it?

**S:** Yeah, that's why we're here. We worked it out. There was a period when I thought that maybe we will either break up or I will be out of the band. The rumors seem to spread really fast.



M: Is Detestation same people all the time or were there some changes?

S: We have a new drummer. he has been with us for a year. The drummer on the LP quit last summer in August. Dominik, our new drummer, has been with us since September.

M: He is pretty wild.

S: Yeah, I love him. It has always been me, Kelly, and Brian, and the drummer kept changing. Andy, our old drummer, he just kinda played, he didn't really care about the band. Dominik cares about it so it's more like a group, not me, Kelly, Brian, and a drummer.

M: Do you live (\$) off of your music?

S: No, we're lucky if we get gas money every night. Everyone just saved money, worked extra hard before we left and we are all just surviving on savings right now. I got hit by a car last year so I got money for that. If not that I wouldn't have any money here.

M: It was good luck. (laughs)

S: Yeah. We got kicked out of our house. Everyone except Dominik lived together. Me, Brian, Kelly, and one of the guys that is touring with us, Frank. We lived together in a house but got kicked out just before we left so right now we are homeless. It makes it easier because we don't have to pay rent while we're gone! (laughs)

A: So what are your future plans?

S: We're touring 'til middle of November and after that Kelly and I are going to do some traveling. We will stay in Europe as long as we can, maybe we will find a job somewhere if we can. I'd like to tour where ever we can, like South America or something.

the tape ended here. Thanks again to Marysia and her friends for the interview!!! - mollie

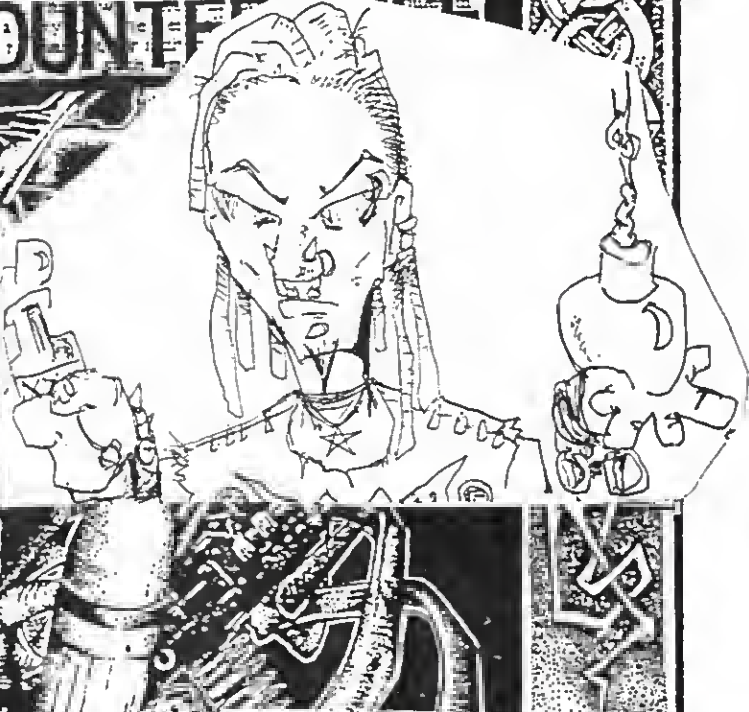
DETESTATION



COUNTRY

JULY 15

4PM



Punk: a script

I'm looking around and I see death  
I see stagnation.  
still and smothered and decomposing  
waters.

I'm assuming that I'm supposed to take  
this lead.

This is where the weak fall out of step  
and off the tracks.

Yet lets call it 'strong'  
swimming upstream on a down current  
Going out kicking and screaming.  
It's reinventing itself  
the sifting through of a million  
generic extremities.

I'm out like a light.  
So half-assed  
So half-hearted.  
A guilty party in this swarm  
of ravenous flies to shit.

MANGELSLAKT ZINE

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This is a crust/HC/Punk/Grind zine.  
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## The End of Something

He lived in a warehouse once. The SOB. Southern Ohio Beef. Used to be a meat packing plant and once someone found a meat cleaver in their bedroom. His roommates were crazy. One had all kinds of tiny bruises on his arms. Said they were from the wolf spiders but I knew better.

His room was on the first floor. It leaked and warped his records. The walls were thin and he could hear the creepy couple upstairs fucking, while another made sweet home-brew down the hall.

His girlfriend stayed most of the time. Took care of the millions of cats and yelled and caused her usual ruckus with the roommates. The place creeped her out a bit. She told me she watched a whore give a blow job in the alley from his bedroom once. Ahh, the community of Over the Rhine.

You could hear gunshots randomly through the night and pretentious local bands practicing in the warehouse across the street. But there were quiet moments too, nestled in the inner city yet distanced enough from the bustle of rush hour morning traffic. And too early for the local's routine car jacking and threatening mobs on the streets. Mornings were the best time there.

I don't think he ever enjoyed his time there though. Not even when there was a great show and friendly travelers to swap stories and drink home-brew with. He just complained, about his warped records and the cat piss and his girlfriend.

Eventually everyone moved out. The psycho couple upstairs split up, the spider bitten guy went back to his parents, no more home-brew guy, and everything sort of fell apart. There was no pin pointing it. It happened and it feels like ages ago.

His girlfriend, now on assisted living, goes from job to job and is waiting for her new boyfriend to get out of jail. It's another seven years, unless they let him out on account of his list of illness.

And he, well, he's gone. He ended up moving into an apartment with three other guys. A little more stable arrangement, but this time he was the crazy one. Always on speed and blackmetal and babbling incoherent shit. That situation eventually split when his roommate found him hung from a tree in the back yard. Yeah. There was no pin pointing it. No justification or way to make sense of it. It was just a point in time leading up

to the end.

And I don't mean to sound crass or harsh, but that's the way it went down. I don't think he would really care anyway. He didn't care about us minute people. He was what was important. And for those who felt bad or were pissed off, calling him "selfish" and what not, that is bullshit. You can't do anything about it now, and probably couldn't have helped then either. I am hoping that he has found peace where he is. I know that it has to be better than the life he led here.

I think about him often. We were never as close as some were to him. And I won't pretend to have been his bestfriend now that he is gone. Like some tragic/romantic story. No. But we did share times and he is the closest thing to me that has left permanently. There is no reason to doctor it up and make it pretty anymore. No reason to make excuses. It may have been a cry that went unanswered but there has to be no guilt here.

It was over a year ago and it brought a lot of us together. I remember sitting at the round table at Denny's with all of these strangers. Laughing and crying and recounting it all. Now we are apart again. Some went to drugs and lifelessness and some decided our time here is limited. Good came out of the tragedy in a sense. I wouldn't be doing this if it hadn't. maybe we'll see you around.

Insense  
ve vous etes pourquoi  
Vous promettez vous de vivre  
longtemps, vous qui ne pouvez  
compter sur un seul jour

"Crazy that you are, why/

Do you promise yourself to live

A long time, you who cannot

count on a single day.

Winter

I was never angry that you did it.  
On these winter days I can't say  
that I haven't thought of it myself.

Where did you go?

Such a fine line to cross

but you overstepped it.

Understood it with a slobbering mind.

Drunken hands tie the chord for me.

It was cold, a 4am desperation.

A speed induced alienation.

Swing low

With twenty-two years, scars and tattoos

and some black melodrama.

It all smacked you in the face.

can only feel it,

never hear the whole story.

When everyone seemed to be your bestfriend.

Where were they this time around?

Nothing to take the edge off.

you were a brave motherfucker)

these chaffed throats and opened wrists have style.

We don't fuck around.

he chronicles of self destruction.

hook it up to experience.

smell the leather on a night like this

because we may look back and laugh.



## Journals and Zombies and P.C. and Box Cars and Amebix.....

I don't write for myself anymore. I guess that's the biggest disappointment. Everything that comes through is for Urban Arms. It's for an audience. I'm plagued by it and sometimes it's a subconscious thing. I know it's there and all the words are for the people so I get nervous and discouraged. When I was younger I wrote in a journal religiously. It's really interesting to look back and equate that girl with me: here and now. A lot of it was pathetic early teenage experimentation's and happenings. Total blurs of doing this and that. Going out and wasting time because that is "having a life". These days you'll find me on the back porch taking in the summer mornings and evenings. I get more satisfaction in isolated moments of calm and quiet than bustling about.

These days I don't really find the need to keep a journal. In a lot of ways Urban Arms is my diary- only it happens to be a bit public. It is one of the few things I truly hold dear especially during down and uninspiring times (like the past 6 months have been). I have taken a shift in direction in that time so maybe the transition has caused a creative delay for me. I am no longer so inspired by punk anymore. All of the people and bands and ideals that I gave so much of myself to and so much credit for have just ended up disappointments and wastes of my time. I've lost a lot of my naive and innocent posi-core-like attitudes about punk. I guess what it all boils down to is not having something to prove. I don't feel I have to prove jack shit to anybody. I don't have to prove how punk I am, how p.c. I am, if I have a life or know the "right" people, if I'm the staple vegetarian or vegan warrior, if I drink or smoke or make sexist remarks, if I wear the right attire, if I go to shows or am an anarchist....I'm over it. It's like when I went to this b movie premiere in Cincinnati and some actor in it stood up and made a floo floo speech about how we're all aspiring film makers and artists and one guy in the audience said sarcastically, "No, I'm just living." It's the truth! We were just the audience wanting to be entertained by watching some silly gore-flick, not taking notes on how inspiring and educational it is to see zombies eat human flesh.

I'm just living and not trying to show off or try to top anyone's deal. There are so many extremities around that it's exhausting just to be an onlooker. Everyone's busy proving and shocking. Proving they are ultra p.c. vegan sXe warriors while others are trying to defy and shock everyone with the complete red-neck asshole trend and the pc backlash. Both seem like so much work to me! Extremities are temporary, easily discouraged and easy to give up. How many of these folks will be singing the same tune five years down the road? Not many I can guarantee. But who am I to say what's right and wrong of the "scene"? It's not like you haven't heard it all before. I know I've always skipped the pages when someone starts ranting on about the problems in the scene. And it's sad to see the ones who never grasp the true feeling of it, the passion and drive of punk, they merely scrape the superficial surface of it through patches and forties, big pants and X's, or whatever other stereotypical genre we equate with punkdom. And never going past that, never progressing. It's even more discouraging to see those pushing ten-plus years with this lifestyle and deciding to say 'fuck it' and give it up because they can't understand the changes.

But it is all a matter of change. I was once told that the 'fate' of punk rock is resting on my shoulders, because it is my generation that is taking over and "fucking it up". And that we are lazy and I should get out there and "do something". All I can really say to that is there are things happening right now which I don't even understand, but I sure as hell can't speak for everyone. As for being lazy, there are plenty of people out there who are doing a hell of a job no matter how tough it gets and they are humble and not bitter. Then there are some of us who just don't "do anything". This scene is based on who is doing what zine, in what band, booking this show, running that label and this collective, and the truth is not all of us are born leaders or do-ers. Through out the course of time there has always been the fear of change and it certainly doesn't stop at the punk scene. These same people who preach the "this isn't punk" shit had the same treatment when they were measly little squirts in a vast community of p.rockers veterans.

It is a constant cycle and I guess that's where I get some relief.

And here it is now. We all have our own ways of making things fresh and new. When I listen to Amebix I get overly excited and unconquerable even though I was only five when they were playing gigs in Europe, just like when I read books about hobos and watch empty box cars pass by. I'll never just randomly hop on. I guess that's what my writing is designed for. I used to say we write for ourselves but I don't think that's true. We all want approval and recognition for our efforts, even without having to prove anything. I don't keep a personal journal anymore because I've grown accustomed to this (via the zine and through letter writing) and I'm realizing that it ain't so bad.

fuck it all and fuckin' no regrets,  
mollie. 6.5.99

Check out the book 'Done and Been' by Gypsy Moon. It is her accounts of the hobo lifestyle complete with interviews with travelers, hobo recipes and songs. Definitely worth it!





Dear Mollie:

26December1998 3:17am cary, nc

I picked up an issue of Urban Arms #3 from the guys of From Ashes Rise. I had seen them twice in one weekend and I guess I probably picked it up at one of those shows. Usually I approach cut & paste zines with contempt and jadedness simply because it's usually a 13yr. old punk kid expending energy on the 2000th Blanks '77 interview, reviewing records that came out a decade ago, writing pompous political articles that are pretty much rehashed Crass lyrics, and using it as a vehicle for talking shit. I know everyone acts juvenile at some point in their lives, but the amount of zines that follow such a format continue to irritate me. That's what I thought Urban Arms was when I picked it up. Thankfully, I got around to reading the entire zine a few minutes ago and you are such an exception. Thanks so much for making a zine that totally breaks stereotypes. So, you ask, why do you stand out? It's your attitude, your ideas... they're so Not cookie cutter. There isn't as much original punk ideologies these days and I'm so happy to find someone else besides me that's questioning it. If you read zines and listen to records coming out these days, very few of them are saying anything that hasn't been said before. To me, punk's not daring anymore. I'm no longer challenged. Time moved on. I sometimes think maybe it's always been this stagnant and it was just me that aged in and aged out. It's a possibility... The most intriguing part of Urban Arms #3 was what you wrote on the third page, the Code of Underground Behavior. The aspect of labels is something I've been thinking about for quite sometime. I guess let me begin with an anecdote. I, too went to a hardcore show recently. It was [cringe] Earth Crisis and Hatebreed. The fashion show inside was ridiculous. There were so many big athletic and designer labels from Adidas to Tommy Hilfiger and whatnot. Even I took the time to 'dress up' for the show in attempts to make a mockery of the whole charade. Ofcourse I got strange looks. I've always been all about crossing the lines when it came to subgenre segregation. Who cares what someone else says, but to me, being in punk is about being an individual. If that means breaking some fundamentalist punk fashion rules, so be it. I'd rather be an individual than a punk kid. I went through the chore of alphabetizing my music collection because I'm an anally retentively compulsive kinda guy. Anyways, I have Braid next to Bane, Rainer Maria next to Reversal of Man, Man is the Bastard next to Madonna, Ida, Converge, the Promise Ring, His Hero is Gone, Anasarca, Prince, REM, etc etc. Honestly, how can you not appreciate DIVERSITY? In today's punk/hardcore/emo/whatever scene, it's all about fitting in and trash talking the ones that don't. What's really sad is that kids are taking these labels seriously. For the longest time, emo was considered a fucking joke, even among emo kids. I talked to someone the other day (@ gainesville fest) that said he was more emo than most because he was dressed better. You can believe how infuriated I felt. I'm supposed to be associated with that guy? Fuck! All labels really do is create boundaries. Boundaries become walls, and the higher the walls we build around us, the harder they are to scale. What can you do really, though? There's always going to be labels and people are always going to label you. I keep finding myself with the tag 'emo' 'straight edge' 'vegan' slapped on me when I'm neither. Sure, I emulate many adherent qualities of those labels, but I never made the conscious decision to live within those boundaries. I like what I like and do what I do. Everyone's been calling me a sell out when I made the individual decision a few months ago to drink a beer. I never ever did call myself sXe, but I was labeled as such against my will. It's hard to escape nametags, but I guess we gotta keep shaking the superficialities off.

About punk "fucking up" life. I totally agree with you when you wrote about how it was them who are at fault instead of blaming punk for their shortcomings. I'd have to say punk was a positive experience in my life. If it weren't for punk, I'd be stuck in an awful mainstream life of pseudo American society, probably studying engineering to rake in big bucks. Thanks to punk rock, I've been liberated to pursue my creative outlets, follow my dreams, and stand out as an individual. I'd have to say my future's looking alright since I'm in a pretty reputable design school doing awesome things. Atleast I can say I'm enjoying school. That's punk rock for ya!

I wrote a column for the www.punkrock.net website about falling into and out of punk and the learning experiences from it. If I remember when I get up I'll include a copy with this letter. Anyways, I hope you found this ridiculously long letter entertaining and now feel the obligation to write back (ahem). Just from reading your zine, I can tell we don't have a lot in common superficially, but it's the ideas that matter, right? Rock on. -vincent chung

(What can I say to this but a million thank you's!? Getting stuff like this is what makes anyone want to continue no matter how fed up they get. Thanks so much Vincent! -mollie)

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-end-